

## "A SHADOW LIKE AN ANGEL."

~~~~~  
BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.  
~~~~~

He crossed my path with curls of golden brown—  
A hue that seldom on my vision beams ;  
Yet blackest lashes heavily drooped down  
Above his glorious blue eyes' depth of dreams.  
His form was slight—but, oh, his was a face  
Well worthy of the marble gods of Greece ;  
And his an air that blent ethereal grace  
With manly dignity—but let this cease.

For what can words paint half so bright as he ?  
And who can dream the radiance I would tell ?  
Unless they'd chance to stand and gaze like me,  
Then turned and gazed again—but 'tis as well.  
For though they said he was of mortal mold,  
And though he did not vanish through the air,  
And leave the adoring bosom faint and cold,  
He passed as angels might—nor seemed less fair.

I had not seen aught like to him before,  
And may not see such wond'rous charms again ;  
And yet I bless thee, Heaven, though evermore  
I sigh for such a form, and sigh in vain.  
For that one draught of youthful loveliness  
Soothed half the fatal thirsting none may share—  
Ah, though I met his gaze but once, I bless—  
For a strange earnestness was dreaming there.

He's gone—the years too surely oft have passed  
Since his young beauty left my gaze. And now  
Rude winds and southern suns are dark'ning fast  
O'er the pure paleness of his cheek and brow.  
And they have said some brilliant flash of fame,  
Some glorious and evanescent gleam,  
*Might* one day quiver over Percy's name—  
But his lone life will be one mournful dream.

---